A

Congratulatory Poem

On His HIGHNESS the

PRINCE

OF

ORANGE

His Coming into

ENGLAND.

Written by

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T. S. A True Lover of his Countrey.

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OUR *Glorious Realm*, o're all the Earth *Renown'd*,
Once with the *Nobleſt Government* was *Crownd*;
By which all Foreign *Tyrannies* were aw'd,
Eaſy we were at *home* and *Terrible abroad*.
All our wiſe *Laws* of *Empire* were deſign'd
Not for the *Luſt* of one, but good of *all mankind*;

The great *Prerogative* was understood
A vast *unbounded* pow'r of doing good:
From doing ill, by *Laws* it was confin'd;
If *Sanctions*, *Pacts*, or *Oaths*, could *Princes* bind,
By *Ancient usages* and *Laws* they sway'd,
Which both were by the choice of *Subjects* made.
Old *Customs* grew to *Laws* by *long consent*,
And to each *Written Law* of *Parliament*:
Freedom in *Boroughs*, and in Land Freehold;
Gave all, who had them, Voices, uncontroul'd:
But few *new Rights* were by *new Laws* obtain'd,
Only some *ravish'd liberties* regain'd.
Who had no *Voices*, yet alike were *bound*
By the *Protection*, which from *laws* they found,
For every one in those had *equal right*,
And no *great man* could *injure*, or *affright*;
Where *Subjects* in the *Laws* can claim no share,
'Twixt them and *Cattel* no distinctions are.
This was the *Constitution* of our *State*,
And true *Religion* flourish'd in its height:
From lying *Legends*, false *Traditions*, free,
From *Monkish* Ignorance, *Schoolmens Frippery*,
From *Idols*, and from *Papal Tyranny*.

Their

Their *building* made of *Stubble* and of *Hay*,
VVas by our *Wiſe Reformers* ſwept away;
Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union,
Under the great *Eliza*, perfect grown,
Hers and the Peoples Int'reſts, were thought one.
She, and the *Realm*, with mutual kindneſs ſtrove,
Great its *Obedience*, and as great her *Love*;
Long might ſuch happineſs have been enjoy'd,
Had it not been b' *Ambitious* Prieſts deſtroy'd.
Thoſe *haughty Prieſts* could not contented be
With what remain'd from *Popiſh Dignity*,
But would their *Hierarchy* have greater made,
With *caſt off Rights* the *Laity th'* invade,
And call in *Jus Divinum* to their aid.
With that *inviſible Commiſſion* arm'd
Our *Kings*, which *Sov'raign*, and *Inherent* charm'd,
With *Sacred Perſon*, *power without a bound*,
Prerogative unlimited, no ground
Whereof is in our *Conſtitution* found.
Thus they, by *Eccleſiaſtick Flattery*,
Turn'd *Kings* to *Tyrants*, and to *Slaves*, the free;
Theſe *Furious Fools* yet *Wiſe Divines* contemn'd,
And their *raſh Doctrines*, privately condemn'd;

And

None dare in *publick* say they were unsound,
But *Fines*, and *Pillories*, and *Brands*, were found.
For now *Commission'd* from above the Sky,
Kings soon were deem'd for *Laws*, and *Oaths* too high;
Hotly 'twas taught they were *not bound* by *Oaths*,
Because no *Pow'r* above them to *impose*.
'Twas now no *Kingly Office* nor a *Trust*,
No *Laws* to Rule by but their *Sov'raign* lust;
And all the *Land* for their *Estate* they own'd,
The *Subjects* were their *Stock upon the Ground*.
At length, to rivet on the *Chains* we wore,
Lewd *Knaves* in *Quoifs* yield the *Dispensing pow'r*,
Which never *Tyrant* here had claim'd before.
The *Scandals* of the *Bar* must now be found
To give the *Government* this mortal wound;
Which at one blow took all its strength away,
And down in pieces dash'd, the *Noble Structure* lay.
Ruine and *Rubbish* cover'd all the Ground,
And no *remains* were of the building found.
Monsters of *Roman* and *Hybernian Race*,
With *Phangs* and *Claws* infect the *wasted place*:
With one of *Brittish* kind, who *swallow'd* more
Than any other *Bloody Beast* of Pow'r;

Fiercely

Fiercely he *goggled*, his *Jaws* open'd *wide*,
Louder he roar'd than all the *Beaſts* beſide.
Some like *Jaccals*, before him *Prey'd* for *Blood*,
And to his *Rav'nous Maw* brought all they cou'd:
Againſt the *Rapine* of theſe *Beaſts* of *Prey*,
Firſt *Londons Noble Prelate* ſtood at Bay;
One fit t' attone for all the *Clergies* Blots,
For three vile *Engliſh Biſhops*, and twelve *Scots*.
Then Valiant *Fairfax* and brave *Hough* made head,
But by theſe *Monſters* were diſcomfited:
And now the trembling *Church* began ro reel,
And the effects of *Non-reſiſtance* feel
Where *Jus Divinum* was not on their ſide;
They ſtrove to ſtop the fierce impetuous Tyde.
Seven Suffering *Heroes* gave it ſuch a ſhock,
It ſeem'd to daſh its Surges on a Rock:
But *Show'rs* of *Locuſts* came with thickeſt Fogs,
From *Tybers Marſhes* and from *Shanons Bogs*;
Vaſt clouds of *Vermin* haſten to their aid,
And intercepting light thick darkneſs made;
All clouded was our Sullen *Hemiſphere*,
But *Loe*! the *Gloirous Orange* does appear!

And by his *Univerſal influence*,
Does to our *drooping Land* new *Life* diſpence;
His heat *ferments* that Lump, was dead before,
Which now in every part *exerts* its *pow'r*;
To purge its ſelf, that it may clean become,
The *fermentation* ſoon throws off the *Scum*.
And ev'ry part does tow'rds *Perfection move*,
Tow'rds *Strength*, and *Soundneſs*, *Harmony* and Love:
When Earth oppreſs'd, with darkneſs over ſpread,
From filthy *Boggy exhalations* bred.
The *Sun* with *noiſeleſs marches* of his light,
Diſcuſſes *Vapours*, and diſpels the Night:
With Equal Silence in his *Glorious* Race,
Our noyſome Fogs does the *Brave Orange* Chaſe:
Does all the *powers* of *Darkneſs* put to flight,
And the *Infernal Miniſters* of *Night*;
The Guilty *Spirits* ſhun th' approach of light.
When *undiſtinguiſh'd* in the *Mighty Maſs*,
And in *Stagnation Univerſal matter* was;
Huddled in heaps the *diffring attones* lay,
Quiet, and had no *Laws* of *Motion* to obey:
Th' *Eternal mover* threw the *ferment* in,
The *Solid Attoms* did their courſe begin;

The

The *Quickning Maſs* moves now in every part,
And does its *Plaſtick Faculties* exert.
The *jarring Attomes move* into a peace,
And all *Confuſion*, and *diſorders* ceaſe:
The *Ugly undigeſted Lump* became,
The *perfect Glorious*, and *well order'd Frame.*
Let there be light, th' *Almighty fiat* Run,
No ſooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done:
Inſpir'd by *Heav'n*, thus the *Great Orange ſaid*,
Let there be *liberty*, and was obey'd.
Vaſt wonders *Heaven's* great *Miniſter* h'as wrought,
From our *dark Chaos*, *Beauteous order* brought:
H' *Invaded* us with *Force*, to make us *free*,
And in *anothers Realm*, could *meet no Enemy.*
Hail *Great Aſſertor*, of the *Greateſt Cauſe*;
Mans Liberty, and the *Almighty's Laws:*
Heav'n Greater Wonders has for *thee* deſign'd,
Thou Glorious deliv'rer of Mankind!

FINIS.